The Forest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

W. R. DUNN.

Office in Knox's Building, Elm Street.

TERMS, $2.00 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of annonymous communications.

Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477,

I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

W. R. DUNN, W. C. T.
M. W. TATE, W. S.

C. NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.

PETTIS & TATE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 16 1y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gilfillan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. tf.

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IRVINETON, PA. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is NEW, and is now open as a first class house, situate at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River and Philadelphia & Erie Railroads, opposite the Depot. Parties having to lay over trains will find this the most convenent hotel in town, with first-class accomodations and reasonable charges. tf.

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REAL ESTATE AGENT.

TIONESTA, PA.

37-tf

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Mar. 4, tf.

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidioute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Hospitals of New York, where he will attend calls in his profession.

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FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

VOL. IV. NO. 5. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1871. $2 PER ANNUM.

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Artemus Ward's Wit.

The edition of Artemus's "Panorama," just issued by Carleton, yields the following extracts, all of them very good examples of a style of fun we shall never get again:

HIS ARTISTIC CAREER.

"I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small cart load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time always does. It is a kind of way time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist; but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who takes anything he gets his hands on.

HIS MUSICAL IDEAS.

"I like music. I can't sing. As a singist, I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silly-voiced young men came under my window and sang "Come where my love lies dreaming." I did not go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I found music very soothing when I lay ill with the fever in Utah; and I was very ill; I was fearfully wasted. My face was hewn down to nothing, and my nose was so sharp I didn't care to stick it into other people's business—for fear it would stay there and I should never get it again. And in those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married, though not so much so as her husband, for he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing "Sweet bird, do not fly away,' and I told her I wouldn't. She played the accordeon divinely—accordeonly I praised her.

THE STEAMER ARIEL.

"I went to California on the steamer Ariel. This is the steamer Ariel.

Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer Ariel; and when you go to California, be sure and go on some other steamer, because the Ariel isn't a very good one."

THE PICTURE OF THE GREAT DESERT,

"This picture is a great work of art. It is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying.—They did this and then they expired.

The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists come here every morning before daylight, with lanterns, to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration for this picture that they called for the artist—and when he appeared threw brickbats at him.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that. Oblige me by thinking of that. That is he has eighty wives, and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. So we may say he has two hundred wives. He lives not wisely, but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is enough to have in one family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

"MORMON PROSELYTISM."

"I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me when I was in Utah."

"It was leap year when I was there, and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and, taking their soft white hands in mine, which made eighteen hands altogether, I found them in tears."

And I said, "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh, seventeen sighs of different size. They said:

"Oh! so soon thou will be gonested away!"

I told them when when I got ready to leave a place, I wentested.

They said, "Doth thou not like us?"

I said, "I doth, I doth."

I also said: "I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away."

Then they said: "Wilt not marry us?"

Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined, when they cried:

"Oh! cruel man! this is too much! Oh! too much!"

"I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined."

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAMILY.

The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large, and the olive branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more father than any man I know of. When at home—as you here see him—he ought to be very happy, with sixty wives to minister to his comforts, and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends, what is home without a family?

Heat it Hot, Sam.

Colonel McHatten went from Virginia to Illinois in the early settlement of the country, when roadside inns were unknown and every dweller in the wilderness kept a sort of traveler's home. The Colonel, by a lucky investment in wild land, had become in time a rich man—but he kept up his habits of hospitality, and if the guest was well to do in the world he did not object to turning an honest penny in that way.

One cold, blustering winter evening a horseman drew up at the house and asked accommodation for the night. A half-grown lad answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the sitting room, where the great wood fire of itself gave him a cordial welcome. After supper the landlord made his appearance for the first time. He was hearty and hale, and as rosy as any boniface should be, but he was bent and crippled in his gait. He explained by saying that he had taken a cold which had settled in his back.

"I don't mind the pain so much," he continued, "but it is so inconvenient. I have been recommended to try a poor man's plaster, and if you will excuse me, I will put it on. Sam! Samuel! Samuel McHatten!"

"Here, father," said the lad above mentioned, hastily swallowing a piece of mince pie which he had been quietly enjoying.

"Here, Sam, my boy, heat this plaster for me, and put it on my back. Heat it hot, Sam."

Saying which he handed the plaster to his son, and seating himself astride a chair, with his back to the fire, threw his suspenders back, and shirt over his head. "Now, Sam," said the Colonel, "if the poor man's plaster is hot, you may put it on, but you may wait a little while; I'm afraid it's not enough. Heat it hot, Sam—heat it hot. "Can you tell," he continued, turning to the traveler, who was seated in the corner—can you tell me why this is the 'poor man's friend,' hey? Give it up?" laughing to himself, "because it sticketh closer than a brother! eh?"

Poor Sam, who had been watching his chance to speak, without interrupting his father, now ventured to say:

"I guess it is hot enough now, father"

"What do you know about it?" said the old man, testily. "I say heat it hot, Sam—hot."

Sam, whose face was at a red heat, had held the plaster to the fire until it ran and dripped down on the hearth, and had made no reply.

"Well, said the old man, looking around, "maybe it will do now, Sam, clap it on."

Sam, armed with the plaster, approached him; and if my word can be taken did clap it on. The old man gave one yell, like a wild Indian, and jumped clear over the back of the chair, kicking his old-fashed breeches off his feet and dancing around with pain. The traveler laughed until he cried, and the more mine host roared the more he laughed. When the first agony was over, the Colonel began to swear, and our traveler thought it would be prudent to retire, least he should share his wrath with Sam, who he observed was making good his distance.

The next morning when leaving, he handed the Colonel five dollars, saying with a sly twinkle of the eye, "I don't want any change. It is cheap at that."

—A young preachor in Tennessee, several years ago, believed in slavery, preached it as Bible doctrine, and saw a Divine plan in the whipping of men, the selling of women, and the separation of families. When the war broke out he fought for what he believed to be the truth. He felt so deeply the wickedness of final triumph of freedom that he could not remain in this country, and went to Brazil with other Southern malcontents. He soon became a naturalized citizen and then a bankrupt. According to the Brazilian law, the children of a bankrupt may be sold in payment of debts. This man's two children, one of them nearly grown to womanhood, was sold for twelve hundred dollars. He does not now believe in the divine origin of slavery.

An exchange says: "Philadelphia has female undertakers." What do they undertake? To get married.

A Slack Husband Punished.

"Mr. Mocitation," said my grandmother, "I have had no wood to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"Oh! send Louisa round to pick up some," said the good man, making a strike towards the door.

"But she has picked up all she can find."

"Then let her break up some old stuff."

"But she has broken up everything already."

"Oh! well, then do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer; and no doubt wondering in his heart what the next best thing would turn out to be.

Noon came, and with it came my grandfather and his four hungry laborers. My mother stood in the kitchen, spinning on her great wheel, and singing a pleasant ditty; Louisa sat scouring tins in the back room, and the cat sat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room, spread for dinner, but with empty dishes.

"Well, wife, we are here," said my grandfather, cheerfully.

"So I see," replied she placidly. "Have you had a good morning in the cornfield?"

"Why, yes, so-so. But where is the dinner?"

"In the pot on the door-step. Won't you see if it is done yet?"

And on the door step, to be sure, sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover, and there lay all the ingrediments of a nice boiled dinner—everything prepared in the nicest manner, and the pot filled with the clearest of water; and all the vegetables and meat as raw as they ever had been My grandfather joined, another roll of yarn upon her distaff, and began another verse of her song.

"Why woman, what does this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly. This dinner isn't cooked at all."

"Dear me is it not?" asked the good wife in pretended astonishment "Why it has set in the sun these four hours."

"Set in the sun?"

"Yes; you told me to try the next best thing to having a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a momont; but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat, said:

"Come, we might just as well start for the woods, we shall have no dinner until we have earned it, I perceive."

"Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother generous in her victory, as women always are. And so she won the day.

The cellar stairs in the old farm house had become broken and so unsafe that my grandmotner besieged her husband, early and late, to repair them, lest some accident should happen He always promised to do so, and always forgot to fulfill his promise. At last my grandmother fell in going down, and spilled the milk she was carrying.

"Are you hurt?" asked my grandfather smoking beside the fire.

"No matter whether I am or not," replied the angry housewife, re-appearing with her empty pan. "This is the last time I carry milk down those stairs until they are mended."

"Please yourself, and find the next best way to get it down," said the husband, vexed at her tone.

"I will," said my grandmother, and she was as good as her word. The next evening my grandfather went down cellar to draw some cider.

"What in thunder!" exclaimed he—nothing worse, I can assure you, for he was not a profane man. "What in thunder is the matter down here? Why, woman, your milk is the cellar bottom!"

"Is it?" replied my grandmother, tranquility.

"Well I thing that is likely enough, alling so far."

"Falling so far! What do you mean?"

What! you know I said I shouldn't carry the milk over those broken stairs again, and you to told me to try the next best way in getting it down, so I took up a board in the kitchen floor, threw down the pans and strained the milk down into them."

Those cellar stairs were mended the next day.

—The Richmond, Va., State Journal states it is a reliable fact that hundreds of Northern men who had intended to visit the Southern States, with a view to travel and investment of means, have been deterred from doing so by the well authenticated outrages of the Ku-Klux. The greatest sufferers by this widespread lawlessness are the Southerners themselves.

"During this war," says an exchange "France produced no Marshal murat." And yet she ate cavalry horses enough to have produced even a martial neigh.

Timeing a Fast Horse.

A friend of ours, who owns a fine farm near Camp Dennison—John we will call him—is fond of horses, and has a private race track where he puts his fast nags through a course of equine sports. Those residing in the vicinity who have, or think they have fast nags, frequently repair to this race track for the purpose of testing the speed of their horses. Now John is a bit of a wag, and numerous are the jokes he plays off on his friends in "timeing" their horses with his patent stop watch. Every man likes to think he has a fast horse, and when told that his horse has made a mile in 2:30 when he had no idea he could get below the fifties, he naturally feels elated, don't you see—especially when so grave and earnest a man as our friend John holds the watch that is known the country round for its reliability.

If anybody else were to time the speed of the nags they might question its authenticity, but John—no one thought of questioning the patent watch. One day last fall a neighboring farmer, who couldn't sleep very well at nights, because he had got it into his head that a colt he owned was fast, brought the said colt to John's race track to try him. John very accommodatingly held his watch while the owner of the colt drove around the track.

"Two thirty-eight!" yelled John as the colt passed the mile post.

"What's that?" shouted the man in astonishment.

"Two minutes and thirty-eight seconds exactly," replied John, without moving a muscle.

This was so much better than he expected that he couldn't believe it possible, and said so.

"Hold the watch yourself, then, said John somewhat gruffly, "If you can't believe me."

"Oh," replied the man hastening to conciliate, I don't question your meaning in the matter, but you might have made a mistake in the watch."

"Don't you know this is a patent stop watch?" inquired John. "It can't make any mistake; there, you see it has stopped on two minutes and thirty eight seconds. I'll drive around, and you time the colt."

Now the interior of the track was planted with corn and the forest of corn stalks reared the lofty heads there completely obstructing more than a very limited view of the track. The word "go" was given, and John "got." As soon as he was out of sight of the others he darted through a wood that traversed the corn field, cutting off nearly half the distance, so that when he reached the mile post the owner of the colt fairly danced with joy as he roared:

"Two thirty-one and a half, by hokey!"

The man was nearly wild with excitement, refused $500 John offered for the colt on the spot and hurried home with his new treasure. He was on the lookout for some fair where he was confident of being able to "scoop em all," as he said. The Blanchester fair came off in a little while, and there was our hero with his wonderful colt. He put him in against the fastest trotter they had, bet his money freely, and, to his own horror and the uproarious mirth of the crowd, his fast horse was nearly five minutes in getting round. In utter disgust he sold the colt for a moderate sum, and is entirely cured of the fast horse complaint. He don't know to this day that John stopped his "stop watch" on him, and he is ignorant of the short cut through the corn field, he don't want any more fast horses. John has cured several embryo horsemen in the same way, and looks upon himself as a benefactor of his race, if he isn't of the horse race. His treatment is expensive, but effectual.

HINTS TO BASE BALL PLAYERS.—Don't let your pitcher get full too often.

A small man will last you longer than a big one for a pitcher. "Little pitchers have long (y) ears."

Men who want to advance pay just before a match are not "good strikers."

Never "sell" a game. Peddling matches is a small business.

It is better to have one of your nine "out on a foul" than out on a lark.

A "boy of the period" does not necessarily make a good short stop.

Amiable men make the best players; they are not easily "put out."

No bottles should be allowed on the ground—not even blue bottles for "fly catching"

Players should not indulge in vulgar shouts, lest they be classed with foul balls.

When the umpire decides which is the base for you to take, you may consider it like the first story of your house, because it is the base-ment.

—Wilcox, this county, has had a taste of Ku-Klux; last week six or seven roughs attempted to tar and feather a negro at that place, but they only succeeded in getting a little tar daubed on his head. Warrants were issued for the Ku-Klux when they made themselves scarce.—*Elk Advocate.*

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch,)	one insertion	$1 50
One Square	" one month	3 00
One Square	" three months	5 00
One Square	" one year	10 00
Two Squares,	one year	15 00
Quarter Col.	"	30 00
Half "	"	50 00
One "	"	100 00

Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, $10 per year.

Legal notices at established rates.

These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. The rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of men doing business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

A married woman in Kansas, who recently eloped with a physician, left the following unique note for her husband:

"DEAR HUBBY:—Your played out. I like Dr. ——— so well that I prefer going with him—you good-for-nothing, degenerated cuss. It's none of your busines where we've gone to. It won't do you a bit of good to follow us, for I wouldn't live another day with you to save your life. You made a mistake in thinking I loved you; I never did; I married you for *convenience* sake. I take the baby along, and I'll take care of it. You can sue for a divorce—get married soon as you please, the woman who gets you next will have a healthy old prize. Good-bye. Be virtuous and you'll be happy. Your LATE WIFE.

—Mr. S——, a young member of the New York bar, is somewhat noted for his sarcasm, when excited, as for his ordinary humor and wit. A short time since, in the management of a tough case in one of our upper courts, he quoted in presence of court and jury the proverb, "Cast not thy pearls before swine." As he arose to sum up, having been somewhat nettled at the repeated ruling of the court against him, the judge facetiously remarked to him:

"Be careful, Mr. S——, that you do not cast your pearls before swine."

"Don't be alarmed, your honor; I am about to address the jury, not the court!"

The following isn't very slow: A youthful hen found an egg, and yielding to the vernal instinct, sat upon it until the process of incubation was complete. Her mother, who had laid the egg and taken great pains in shaping and coloring it, came along, and seeing only the broken shell, burst into tears, and said: "Alas, my daughter, who has destroyed my favorite egg?" The feathered offspring quickly responded: "I cannot tell a lie, mother, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatch-it."

The "Devil" of a newspaper in Vallejo, Cal., recently stepped into a dry goods store to negotiate for a cap. Not having the pecuniary consideration about his clothes, he told the trader to charge it to him. Trader entered the account upon his books to Satan, and the other day when the bill was presented (which read "Satan, Dr., to O. P. Van Schenck, for one cap, $1") "Dev." remarked: "You charged it to Satan, did you? Well, just go to h—ll and collect it!"

A little four year old remarked to her mamma going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark."

"No, of course your are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you."

"But, mamma, I was a little afraid once, when I went in the pantry in the dark to get a cookey."

"What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma.

"I was afraid I couldn't find the cookies."

The Philadelphia Democrat who would rather rot in poison than pay the fine imposed by Judge Ludlow for refusing to serve on a jury with a colored man, has concluded that as a "rottist" he is not a success, and has accordingly paid the fine and been released. His counsel had attempted to obtain his release by *habeas corpus*, but Judge Sharswood would not grant the writ.

—We are informed that seven horses, nine set of new harness, between four and five tons of chop, and all the lumbering tools, etc., belonging to Messrs. Finney & Barrows, at their camp on Dent's Run, were consumed by fire, on Tuesday evening, April 11. The loss sustained is estimated at about three thousand dollars.—*Clearfield Journal.*

A gentleman traveling on a steamer, one day, at dinner was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by the servant that it was desert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it was a wilderness."

A Mississippi paper shows the advantages of advertising, by telling of a man who advertised in its columns for a lost cow, and had it restored to him "with a copy of the paper stuck on its horns."

A Benninghoff paper reports that a prisoner in the county jail fell out while leaning against the wall, and that the institution is to be papered for better security.

Mark Twain having sold his interest in the Buffalo *Express*, has gone to Elmira to live, threatening to abandon pen-and-ink labor for the remainder of his life.

Young woman should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

Song of a man going to have a tooth drawn: "How happy I would be with ether."

Song of the billiard ball—"Oh, Carom me back!"

A word to the people in debt—get out.